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FIVE BLACK MARKS.

"The most miserable time I ever had in my life," said Dr. Macpherson one day as he sat slumped in his cozy drawing room, "was spent in a gunboat off the coast of China. I began my professional life as a surgeon in the navy, you know."

I did not know. But as the doctor seemed intent on telling the story I did not interrupt him by saying so.

"We had been cruising about in the Mediterranean," he went on, "when we were unexpectedly ordered to the Bay of Lagos to overawe some miserable little tribe near the coast which had not been behaving itself as a properly regulated little tribe under the protection of the British empire ought to do. As Kaka's tribe it was called, and Kaka came in for a good share of honest abuse from the officers and men of the Dragonfly, when our orders came. The worst of it was, as far as the officers and men were concerned, that we were not at all united among ourselves. The engineer, called Lashton, had been disappointed in love, and was naturally morose in consequence. What made him more so was the fact that his successful rival was the sub-lieutenant, an awfully nice fellow, and the only man on board that I cared for. Lieut. Gilby had met Miss Callan at Malta, and had become engaged to her without the least idea that the engineer had intentions that way, not that it would have made any difference to him if he had, I suppose. Lashton's unbecoming enmity against him made life on board pretty unpleasant, and divided us into two cliques. The lieutenant's clique, consisting of himself and me, certainly had the best of time of it, for the successful suitor of Miss Callan was the merriest fellow on earth, and while we were in the Mediterranean we suffered very little from the engineer's hostility. But directly we steamed off for Lagos a most remarkable change came over my friend, and he turned as taciturn as Lashton himself."

"It puzzled me to discover the reason, for though we were all sorry to leave the Mediterranean still it was not like Gilby to talk over it. He could not see less of his fiancée than he had been doing for two or three months, and we had the prospect before us of a small fight, for which he had been wishing. Lashton suggested to me in his sinister way that it was the prospect of fighting which caused the change in my friend, and though I answered the suggestion in the tone it deserved, still it seemed the only explanation."

"Gilby said, when I asked him, that it was the weather, and the irritation with which he answered prevented me continuing my inquiries, and made me more than ever convinced that it was 'funk,' and a very severe form of the disease, too. In fact, he took very little pains to conceal it."

"I hope to goodness that I shall not have to go on shore," he said, when we had nearly reached our destination. "I wish the commander would lead the party and leave me here to look after the ship."

"It is not likely," I answered, gruffly, and I was glad that Lashton was not about to overhear him. I answered his next suggestion more gruffly still."

"I suppose you would not like to certify that I ought to be on the sick list, would you, Macpherson?" he asked me, hesitatingly.

"I refused flatly."

"If he had told me the true reason of his fear I might have acted differently, for he looked ill enough, poor fellow! His face had grown quite white and wan since we started."

"It looked whiter still next day when he had to go in command of the landing party, which I accompanied, of course."

"When we were fairly embarked on the enterprise, his one idea seemed to be to get it over with all possible speed, and the haste with which he advanced to Kaka's country would have been impossible if the men under him had not themselves been so anxious to get into action, and introduce a little change into the monotony of life on a gunboat."

"However, the change was less than the majority of the blue-jackets hoped for, the miserable little tribe did not show fight, and our business was soon accomplished. In five days from the time we left the Dragonfly we were back again, none the worse for our trip, except that we were all worn out by Gilby's forced marches."

"The lieutenant seemed more exhausted than any of us, and as soon as he had received the congratulations of the commander, he retired at once to his berth. What surprised me was that his spirits did not show any improvement after the chance of fighting was at an end. It seemed to me as if he were still expecting some calamity to happen to him, and I began to wonder whether there might not be something seriously wrong with his health to account for all that had surprised me in his manner. This explanation, which had not occurred to me while there was any real danger, struck me forcibly, now that we were safe on the gunboat, and as soon as I had enjoyed the luxury of a bath after my five days of discomfort, I strolled down to the lieutenant's cabin to have a look at him in the new light of a patient."

"The door of my friend's cabin was ajar as I approached it, and when I glanced into the room before knocking, I was surprised to catch sight of Engineer Lashton standing by the side of the lieutenant's bunk."

"The fact of Lashton's enmity for my friend was so undisputed that at the sight of his figure in his enemy's cabin I felt quite justified in watching what was going on before making my presence known. Gilby was lying across his bunk, half undressed and apparently fast asleep. The engineer was standing over him with a bottle of some black fluid in his hand. While I watched, he made five small marks with it on the sleeping man's arm."

The operation seemed such a mysterious and inexplicable one that I watched him till he put the cork back into the bottle, without moving a step to interfere with the man, but I pounced upon him as he turned to leave the cabin.

"What on earth have you been doing?" I asked, unceremoniously, and the fellow seemed rather taken back.

"It is only a practical joke," he said, with a feeble attempt to smile unconcernedly.

"Joke or no joke, I demand to see what is in that bottle," I said, authoritatively, my mind full of mysterious poisons, and the engineer handed it over tamely.

"The bottle contained nothing but ink."

"Ink!" I exclaimed, when the great brain specialist reached this point in his narrative, and Macpherson smiled in the peculiarly quiet way he has when he has perfectly mystified a hearer.

"Yes, ordinary ink," he went on.

"The discovery naturally made me feel rather foolish, but not so much as I would have done if I had not been convinced still that his action was in some way a malicious one. What his idea could be, however, it was impossible for me to divine, and I felt so curious about it that I should have roused my friend at once to inquire how five black marks on his arm could possibly affect his happiness, if he had not looked so thoroughly worn out and in need of sleep. As soon as Lashton was gone, I left the cabin at once for fear of disturbing the sleeper, without stopping even to try and remove the ink-stains, a piece of stupidity at which I have not ceased to wonder. You see, it was impossible for me to guess how desperately serious the plot was that the engineer had formed against the man whom he considered his rival. I retired to my own cabin opposite Gilby's, keeping the door open to make sure that Lashton did not return to do more mischief, but I made a poor sentry. I was tired out, like the young lieutenant, though not having had my proper amount of rest for four nights, and I fell asleep still wondering about the five black marks."

"When I woke, I do not know how long after, it was to find Gilby standing in my room, half undressed as I had seen him in his bunk, but with his shirt-sleeve buttoned up over the ink stains on his arm. I was too full of sleep, however, to notice the fact at the time, or even to remember for the moment anything about what I had seen. Sleepy as I was, I could not help noting the look of complete misery and despair on my friend's face. He was standing at the side of my bunk, holding an envelope, and when I started up, rubbing my eyes, he put it into my hand."

"I am glad you are awake, Macpherson," he said, in a strangely constrained tone. "I want to ask you to do me a favor. Will you give this letter to Miss Callan personally when you see her? I do not want to take the risk of sending it by mail."

"But you will see her yourself as soon as I shall," I said, in surprise at the request, and Gilby did not reply. Instead, he turned and walked out of the cabin, leaving me staring at the letter in my hand, and wondering what it meant. I was so stupid with sleep still that it took me two minutes to think of any explanation at all. When I did I was out of my bunk and running across to the opposite cabin in a second. Just in time, too, for Gilby was in the act of locking his door when I burst in open and rushed in without ceremony. The fact that the young lieutenant's revolver and a couple of letters, one of them addressed to me, were lying on the table, served to assure me that my fears were not ungrounded. The first thing I did was to secure the revolver. Then I turned to my friend.

"What the devil are you going to shoot yourself for?" I demanded, bluntly.

"Gilby made no attempt to deny his intention."

"I am sorry you have disturbed me," Macpherson said with perfect coolness, "because it cannot make any difference."

"And the reason?" I asked, with interest, for the doctor had paused to light another cigarette. Macpherson blew a whiff of smoke from his mouth and continued his story.

"I suppose you have never heard of a disease called 'Guinea madness'?" he asked, and when I shook my head he went on:

"Neither had I, until Gilby told me about it, although I am a doctor. It is one of those strange diseases that limit themselves luckily to a particular district and is only found among a few tribes along the coast of Guinea. It is generally thought that Europeans cannot take it, but the idea is an erroneous one, or, at any rate, there are exceptions, for Lieut. Gilby's father died of it when my friend was a boy of ten. His father was captain of a trading vessel, and the lieutenant was accompanying him on a voyage when they called at the Guinea coast. He therefore saw his father in all the indescribable agony of the disease, which seems more like hydrophobia than anything else, although it is infectious."

"The sight made a great impression on him, and, since his constitution was quite similar to his father's, he had always suffered from an almost supernatural terror of the Guinea coast. He was quite persuaded that if ever he went ashore there he would catch the disease and die like his father. Lashton it seems, was aware of this monomania of his, for it almost amounted to monomania."

"And he really had caught the disease?" I asked.

"Macpherson smiled. 'He thought he had. The first symptom is the appearance of small black marks on the arm or leg,'—Paul M. Budget.

"The relative proportion of persons engaged in agriculture is steadily diminishing, while those dependent upon manufactures, trade, transportation, personal or professional service is increasing."

OUTING COSTUMES.

How to Dress When Going on Summer Excursions.

At this season of the year the short excursion has come to be one of the regular affairs of life, and with it come costumes that the initiated never fail to follow. It is a very easy thing, by keeping one's eyes open, to distinguish between the experienced excursionist and the one who mayhap, is going out for the first time, and does not know exactly what the manners and usages of such affairs are. It is the fine art of life to know just how to dress, what to carry, what to leave at home and what to do while one is out. First of all, the dress should be inconspicuous, unassuming and comfortable. Too much dress stamps the novice at a glance, and too many fixings and too much luggage are peculiarities of inexperience.

Serge, homespun, chevrot and similar lightweight wool materials are the first choice for outings of all sorts. Young women wear a skirt with a blouse, shirt-waist and blazer or Eton jacket, according to fancy. Slender girls look better in the Eton; stouter and more mature women are more appropriately gotten up with a blazer. In excessively hot weather there is a very comfortable and convenient arrangement of vest-front made with sides and back of muslin or lawn and lawn sleeves that come below the elbows. Over this is worn a very lightweight blazer. This is liked by ladies who cannot go out in simply the shirt-waist without danger of burning the neck and shoulders with the sun.

There are a few people in the world with such delicate skins that the ordinary shirt-waist is not sufficient protection. These must wear something thicker, and as the blazer is liable to be more or less scratchy and uncomfortable when worn next the skin, this arrangement is much liked. There are also entire shirt-waists of lawn made for this purpose. They are pretty, inexpensive and comfortable, especially if the lace does not put too much starch in them. A light wrap, a plain hat of chip with a little trimming—something that is not affected by dampness or dust—reasonably heavy and serviceable shoes and gloves, and a sun umbrella or coaching parasol, make up the ideal outfit for such purposes.

There is very much in the selection of footwear that people who indulge in outings do not realize. Thin, fine shoes are very hard to walk in, and when one is going out for the most part on plank walks and then on ground that may possibly be damp, a heavy sole is much easier for the feet and safer as to health. The fashion of carrying fancy parasols and wearing delicate and perishable garments on such occasions is not at all to be commended. In the first place, such things are inappropriate; in the second, they are extravagant; and, third, in the light of common sense, is not many removes from sinful. People who have money to spare can put it to much better use than to waste it in the purchase and wearing of things that are destroyed as soon as they are exposed to the elements.

A suitable and stylish dress—one that will stand all sorts of weathers and will come out unscathed from the ordeals of sun and storm—is made of the special cloth worn by the members of the Salvation army. It is practically water proof and dust-proof, is handsome enough to make a high-class costume of, and is, all things considered, a most inexpensive and every way satisfactory investment. Wether in skirt and blazer or Eton jacket, it makes up charmingly, and one need have no apprehensions about their appearance on the horizon or the dust blows in cyclones.

It is well always to take along, if one is to be gone the entire day, a tiny shopping bag, containing a brush, small comb, a bit of powder and a small mirror, such as one may find at any fancy store. There are few things more conducive to complacency and enjoyment than the feeling that one is tidy as to hair and collar and clean as to face; and this state of affairs does not always follow trips by rail or even those upon the water. Simple provisions of this sort may be arranged in a space no larger than an ordinary book, and should never be neglected by fastidious ladies. Toilet rooms are not always easy to find, and even if accessible, it is not always agreeable to use the benches and comb there provided; so it is much better to furnish oneself with these necessities before leaving home.—N. Y. Ledger.

His Joke Recalled.

"I hear that Miss Fypp got engaged to young Scadds last week," said Hunter to Spatts.

"Yes; and the way it was done is the best joke on Scadds I've heard of for many days."

"How was it?"

"Well, he read in a paper about a man who wore a card on his breast with the word 'Yes' printed on it in big letters, which was taken as a mute acceptance to a drink."

"I see. Good idea that; and he tried to introduce it over here?"

"Yes; and he was in great glee over the satisfactory working of his little scheme until Miss Fypp saw it."

"What happened then?"

"She looked at it awhile and then burst out:—

"'Why, what an accommodating man you are, Mr. Scadds. How easy you make it for a girl who has long worn silence and is now too bashful to take advantage of the modern woman's privileges! Your consent makes me supremely happy. Suppose we set a month from to-day as the date of the marriage ceremony!'

"With that she threw her arms round the neck of the young man, and he was hers."—Boston Traveler.

President Faure devotes two mornings each week to visiting the hospitals of Paris. He makes a point of going from bed to bed, shaking hands with patients, inquiring into their condition and encouraging them with cheering words.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The mother of Greene, the revolutionary general, was a woman of great personal piety, very grave and sedate.

A whiskered westerner from Alma, Kan., was arrested in Kansas City recently for belittling bearing in the public streets, and was found to be carrying in his pockets a pistol, a pair of brass knuckles and a copy each of the Old and New Testament. He declared he was a good church member in his own town.

Theodor Mommsen, the historian, has been elected a foreign associate of the French Academy of Inscriptions in place of the late Sir Henry Rawlinson. He was elected a corresponding member as long as 1870, and would have been made an associate much sooner had it not been for his attitude toward France after the war of 1870.

Mrs. Clio Hinton Hunker, of New York city, has won the prize of \$10,000 offered by the Associated Pioneers of the Territorial Days of California for a design for the Gen. Fremont monument to be erected in Rockland cemetery. Mrs. Hunker's mother was a sculptor before her, and she studied with her before working under St. Gaudens.

At Shelbyville, Ind., Mrs. Mary J. Nugent, a washerwoman with a house full of children, was notified that she had been granted a pension of \$10 per month, with \$3,000 arrearages. When notified of her good luck she reached for an ax near by and smashed the tub into a thousand pieces, after which she sent for her neighbor to come in and get her "dirty duds."

William M. Everts was going up once in the elevator at the state department when it happened to be loaded with an unusual number of strangers, presumably applicants for ministerial and consular positions. Turning to a friend, who accompanied him, Everts said: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I have seen taken up for some time!"

Dr. Mary Harris Thompson, who has just died in Chicago, was regarded by many as the most eminent female surgeon in the world. She worked and studied under the famous Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. She began the practice of surgery in Chicago in 1863, and ever since she has stood in the front rank of her profession. She was a prominent member of the American Medical society, and was once elected to the chairmanship of the division on the diseases of children. She was one of the promoters of the Women's Medical college and the founder of the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children.

Albert Whetsdon, said to be the largest man in the United States, if not in the world, died recently at Eureka, Cal. He was born at Atlanta, Ind., and came of a family noted for large size. His mother, who is still living, weighs 345 pounds, and she has two brothers, weighing 330 and 350 pounds. She also has two sons, each of whom is over six feet in height and each of whom also weighs over 300 pounds. At the time of his death Albert weighed 496 pounds, and was of such enormous proportions that it was necessary to cut a hole in the side of the house in order to remove the body. The coffin consumed 101 feet of lumber and weighed 100 pounds. It was 6 feet 8 inches long, 32 inches wide and 20 inches deep.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

"You seem to be cultivating old Kajones. What do you see about him to admire?" His daughter, Laura, said.

"Chicago Tribune.—'You'll have to settle up or leave.' Summer Boarder.—'Thanks, awfully. The last place I was at they made me do both.'—Life.

"Bill Jones' Jim has got his education, ain't he?" "You bet! He's the best pitcher in the team, an' kin jump higher'n a hoss kin kick."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Oh, well with me, oh, my wife, I'll be the second choice." "Sunshine! Horrors!" said the maid. "Such talk at ninety in the shade!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"I hear that you are engaged to a girl with an ideal. You are likely to find that sort of girl pretty hard to get along with." "Oh, I guess I am all right. You see, I am the ideal."—Cincinnati Tribune.

It was while Melville E. Stone was editor of the Chicago Daily News, on the night of the Ashtabula catastrophe. On receiving the first bulletin he wired to the special correspondent in Ashtabula: "Rush all particulars." In due course of time he received the following reply: "All is excitement. Can learn nothing."—Washington Post.

Teacher.—Now, Willie Jenkins, how many seconds make a minute? Willie.—Male or female? Teacher.—Male or female—what do you mean? Willie.—There's a big difference. When pa says he'll be down in a minute it takes him sixty seconds, but ma's minutes are about six hundred, 'specially when she's puttin' on her hat.—Harper's Weekly.

Parrot Logic.—Polly heard the man calling "Fine kindlings, two dollars per load." "Pitch 'em in the cellar," shouted Polly, and he did, and Polly's master paid the bill but ducked Polly in the bath tub of cold water, cage and all, nearly drowning her, and remarking meantime, "Order kindlings again, will you?" Soon the cat came in wet and bedraggled. "Hello, Pussy!" cried Polly, "what did you order?"—Chester Basket.

In North Carolina lately a case was tried in which the defendant's character having been impeached, it was sought to bolster it up by showing he had reformed and joined the church. The witness, who belonged to the same church, insisted, that as the defendant was now a Christian man, of course his character was better. Counsel asked him: "Doesn't he drink just as much as he ever did?" The witness, who was colored, and evidently embarrassed by the inquiry, slowly raised his eyes and said with much deliberation: "I think he do, but he carries it more better."—Arrauat.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The Broad river, in South Carolina, was so called by the whites. The Indian name was Ewas Happegay, or "Dividing Line river," because it was the boundary between the Cherokees and the Catawbas.

Ergot is the product of the diseased seeds of the common rye. Instances have been known of men and animals being poisoned from the lack of caution in separating the diseased grains from the healthy when preparing the rye for food.

The curfew bell has been established in a suburb of Chicago, called Wheaton. It rings at nine o'clock p. m., after which it is unlawful for any one under eighteen years of age to appear on the streets unaccompanied by parent or guardian. Its results are said to be extremely beneficial.

The women of Baltimore have formed a Good Government club with seventy members. The purposes announced are to look after the economical and efficient management of the city affairs, to promote cleanliness, health and beauty, and to establish cooking schools for the training of young women.

Chinese pheasants were introduced into various parts of Oregon a few years ago for game purposes. The birds have thrived wherever introduced, and this season has been especially favorable, so that there is every prospect of an abundance of sport in this line in the near future, when the restricted period expires.

When a young lion reaches the age of two years he is able to struggle and pull down a horse or an ox, and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year when he grows no more. For twenty years after his fangs and talons show no signs of decay, but after that he gradually becomes feeble and his teeth fall him.

While conducting a series of tests with a one-hundred-ton testing machine at the Yorkshire college in England, which included the testing of a steel wire rope, Prof. Goodman stated that such ropes were not a modern invention, and that he had recently seen a bronze wire rope, one-half inch in diameter and from twenty to thirty feet long, which had been found buried in the ruins of Pompeii and which must have been at least one thousand nine hundred years old.

Sir Robert Buns says that going at the rate of the electric telegraph—that is, 186,000 miles a second—it would take seventy-eight years to telegraph a message to the most distant telescopic stars, but the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if the message had been sent in the year A. D. 1—that is to say, 1804 years ago—the message would only just have reached some of them, and would still be on the way to others, going at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

Deer are so plentiful in some parts of Montana that the ranchmen and fruit growers complain of them as they do of the coyotes, cutworms and other pests. The fruit growers complain that the deer come down from the mountains at night and browse on the tender shoots of the trees, and in this and other ways do great damage to the orchards. The animals keep out of sight in the daytime, and as it is hard to shoot them at night, and they decline to be frightened away the ranchers have a hard time.

AS GOOD AS WHIST.

The Farmer, the Fanning Mill and the Fizz of a Tribune.

"I see," remarked the wide-awake farmer to the Express man, "that wheat has gone up to seventy cents in Chicago, and there's a report that it will keep going 'till it gets to one dollar. Now, I'd like to contract to sell you my crop for seventy cents. Seventy cents will do me. I'd rather have a sure thing while it's going than to take my chances on 'don't bet your waist!'"

"But," replied the commission merchant, "I can't agree to contract for your wheat at seventy cents."

"Why not? It's going up to a dollar, an' you'll make thirty cents a bushel. Ain't that enough?"

"Oh, yes; but you see that seventy cents is only a speculative price. It ain't what they pay for real wheat."

"But, my friend, for real wheat? What in thunder do they pay it for, then?"

"Why, for options."

"Well, what the blazes are options?"

"Why, they're promises to get wheat and sell it for such and such a price."

"Well, then, they got to get the wheat, ain't they?"

"No; they sell the promises again, according as the market rises or falls. An' don't they buy an' sell a real wheat at all?"

"Not much."

"Just buy an' sell wind at seventy cents a bushel?"

"That's about it."

"Thunder an' Mars, wish I'd known that last fall. I wouldn't a-sowed any wheat. I'd tied my grain bags to the back of my famin' mill an' kept the boy turnin' it all winter, till I'd filled all the bags I could get hold of. But it ain't too late yet. By gosh, if it's wind they want 'stead of wheat, I can supply the market for the hull country right off my farm!"—Buffalo Express.

Women's Inhumanity to Men.

There were ten of them, and they sat side by side in the street car, filling up the entire set, all women and sleeves, the latter just a little crushed. A lone man hung to a strap and waited for some one to get out, and finally one of the crowd, then he looked for the vacant seat, but it had vanished. Soon another woman got out, and again there was no seat. Every time a woman left a vacant seat those other women simply pulled out their sleeves and moved up.—Philadelphia Press.

Fluctuating.

Cobbie.—Ever have any trouble with your watch? Mine doesn't go.

Stone.—Mine comes and goes.—Brooklyn Life.

WOMAN AND HOME.

BRAZILIAN ZEBRAFISH.

A Real Novelty for Ladies' Pond of Aquarium Pools.

This new aquarium fish was first brought to Germany by an untold number of years ago, and was successfully propagated last summer. We saw the original imported fish, with their fry. Our picture, which we reproduce from Nature and Haus, is a good representation.

The fish attains a size of about five inches in length by two inches in width. The general appearance is that of a snuffish; the ground color of the body, which is entirely covered with small scales, similar in size to those of the Paradise fish, is a brassy yellow marked with a number of irregular vertical bars or stripes of black; the dorsal and anal fins are large and long, being composed of a great many rays of which about one-third are spinous; they are black in color; at times, however, when the fish is excited, the yellow of the body becomes brighter and runs in streaks under the black dorsal fin, making this appear as if it was a continuation of the body; the ventral fin is colorless and transparent; the caudal fin is rounded. The eyes are yellow, flashing like fire on some occasions, and resembling those of the moss bass.

The fish is very attractive, especially when excited, it reminds one of a herald of the middle ages, whose dress used to display the colors of their masters in stripes. At other times the fish will assume a very plain grayish color with only one irregular black spot on each side of the body, midways and near the ends of the dorsal and anal fins. Young specimens show these peculiar markings even more distinctly than the adults.

The habits of the zebrafish are very much like those of our moss bass; they are very gregarious and display the same motions when attacking one another as the moss bass do, but their point of attack is the mouth, and if they succeed in grasping it, they hold firmly, like much fighting male Paradise fish do, until the weaker gives up. But although they fight a great deal we have not yet seen one that was seriously hurt. They seem to be on friendly terms again soon after.

Their breeding habits, too, are much like those of the snuffish family. They pair off during the summer and prepare a nest on the bottom of the tank, where



BRAZILIAN ZEBRAFISH.

The female deposits her eggs, which both guard. Four days after spawning the young hatch. These are as carefully guarded as the eggs were, and later on the fry are instructed for their future career by both parents, who swim about with them as a hen walks around with her chicks. We find that the zebrafish stand captivity well, immensely enjoying their meals, consisting of scraped raw beef or X. L. fish food. Their native home is La Plata valley. The South Americans call them "Chanchitos," which means "pig," either because in form they are somewhat like that animal or because they fight in a manner similar to young pigs. In Germany the name "chameleon fish" is proposed, owing to the ability of the fish to change its colors. This, however, we consider no denominative feature, as nearly all of our sunfishes, and also the Chinese Paradise fish, possess this ability, in cases even to a greater extent than the zebrafish does. We selected the latter name for them because we find that, through their color and stripes, the fish resembles a zebra more than anything else, especially when the fish are most brilliant in colors and the yellow appears in the dorsal fin, then even the markings of the mane of the zebra are represented.

Rice Soup a la Creme.

A rice soup that is valuable in these high priced meat days is made without stock. Let two quarts of water, in which an onion has been sliced and a bunch of celery tops thrown, boil for an hour; remove the onion and leaves, and add a half cup of rice that has been carefully washed and looked over. Cook for three-quarters of an hour, stirring often, or until the rice is well swollen and tender. Just before serving beat up in the tureen itself the yolks of two eggs, with half a tumblerful of rich milk—cream is better—and a pinch of nutmeg, if liked. Pour the boiling soup over this mixture from a height, beating it still with a whisk, to mix all thoroughly, and serve with toast squares.

How to Relieve Colds.

For relieving colds an eminent physician recommends simple bicarbonate of soda, of which one-half teaspoonful is to be dissolved in half a tumblerful of water, and a teaspoonful of the solution given to the infant every fifteen minutes. This, by the way, is a very good preventive of colds, and may be safely administered half a dozen times a day to children predisposed to the trouble. In addition to giving this simple medicine, the abdomen should be gently massaged with the hand, the movement being from right to left; or, if this fails to alleviate the distress, hot fannels may be applied to the stomach and bowels.

Drain Bags for the Bath.

Drain bags are delightful adjuncts to summer baths. They soften and sweeten the water and add a new power of refreshment to the sites of bathing. They are rather expensive when bought, but when made at home they are among the cheapest of toilet luxuries.

SUMMER FANCY WORK.

A Novelty Which Produces a Good Effect with Little Labor.

A novelty in fancy work, which is quickly done and is not expensive, and produces a very good effect with very little labor.

This work can be used for pin cushions, mats, handkerchiefs, sachets, and even slippers, a little taste only being required in the blending of colors, and care being taken to choose a suitable material as a foundation for the ribbon. After cutting a lining of silk, or



any other material, the shape you desire, the next thing is to tack alternate rows of different colored satin ribbons as close together as possible, beginning at the top of the lining, and cutting the ribbon off into length as you finish each row. Then commence to darn the two-colored ribbons in and out, over the dark and under the light one way, and reversing the order in the next row, so that squares are formed. A pretty handkerchief sachet could be made of blue satin ribbon and silver braid of the same width. Slippers would look well in black satin ribbon and gold braid. A pretty pin cushion could be made of rather wide satin ribbon all one color, with trimmings of lace and bows at the corners. A large bag would be effective with tartan or black ribbon for the bottom part, and plush to match one of the colors in the plaid at the top, finishing off with cord and tassels and wide satin strings.

The sachet in the sketch is made of blue satin ribbon and silver braid. Four corners form the front, and the back could be plain, or to match the front, according to taste. Each corner should be bound with ribbon, and a hook and loop should be placed under the bow. A trim of lace goes all round and bows trim the corners.—St. Louis Republic.

ABOUT YOUR CALLS.

Visiting Card Etiquette as Explained by Ruth Ashmore.

I know it to be true that when you come to town you had for a visiting card a faintly-tinted stiff one on which was written your name, "Elinor Smith," in a fine Italian hand heavily shaded, writes Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal. Fortunately for you, your hostess saw this and kept you from making a faux pas. In the place of these resuscitated ones, happily consigned to their proper resting place, the wastebasket, you now have rather thin white cards, almost square, with, as you the oldest daughter, and as your middle name is your mother's maiden one, "Miss Cholinondeley Smith," engraved upon them. Your visiting card represents you, and consequently it must be in good taste. This form is desirable because, seeing it, old friends who knew your mother as "pretty Elinor Cholinondeley" will recognize you as her daughter and make an effort to show you some special courtesies.

When you make your visits you leave your card with the lady of the house and for each daughter who is society. When you cannot go to a reception or a tea your cards represent you. When you do go you leave your card either with a servant who holds out a silver salver for it or you put it in a table prepared for cards. This is done because, seeing many people, your friend may not remember all who were there, and the little bits of thin pasteboard tell of her visitors and warn her of those to whom she owes either a personal visit or a return card. You called one day on a friend who lives very quietly, and who opened the door for you. For her card must be left also, and as you are a light girl you can either do it better for her, reminding her that you do not intend to let her forget you come to see her, or you can leave it in the hall when you are alone, for your hostess does not accompany you further than the drawing room door.

Dainty Relish for Luncheon.

Delicious cheese sandwiches may be made by cooking in a double boiler half a pound of grated cheese with half a cup of cream or milk, a tiny pinch of mustard, and a little salt; thicken with a teaspoonful of flour; when thoroughly cooked, and just before removing from the fire, add a well-beaten egg. Have ready some thinly-tossed bread or some crackers, and spread with hot. The crackers should be of a sort that will split. These sandwiches must be eaten while hot; they make a very dainty relish for luncheon or tea.

A New Version.

Brown (to the newly-married)—Struck the mother-in-law snag yet, Jones?

Jones—Yep. You see she's my wife's stepmother, handsome, and they're about an age. Gee whiz! I don't even look cross-eyed at her.—Judge.

An Evident Error.

Binks—Misereigh told a good story at his own expense to-day about—

Jinks—Hold on. Are you sure it was at his own expense?—Detroit Free Press.

Of a Higher Value.

Son—Father, is the position of senator higher than that of congressman?

Father—It comes higher, my boy.—Puck.

Her Choice.

"As between Dick and Harry which do you like best?"

"Jack."—Judge.